

Set Father against Son, made Brethren Jar;
 At last broke out, in a domestick War.
 These are the fiery spirits of these Times:
 These, these must Answer for the Blood and Crimes:
 They Blow the trumpet of unnat'ral War,
 Brandish the sword, and burnish Arms for *Mar*.
 Like Necromancers, as the People say,
 They've rais'd the Devil, which they Cannot lay.

Only our glorious KING, these Wounds can heal,
 Our Strength lyes not, in glitt'ring Arms and Steel;
 No 'tis His Wisdom, and his wond'rous Art,
 To govern Men, and Captivate the Heart,
 Which Providence will use, to still these Fars,
 And put an End, to these Land-wasting Wars.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

F I N I S.

H-----SS-----r

TO

Sir *C-----H-----W-----s:*

OR,

The Rural REFLECTION

OF A

WELCH POET.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE near St. Paul's. 1746.

[Price Six Pence.]

216

OF

THE ROYAL EXHIBITION

OF

WELCH POET



LONDON

Printed for A. Moore and Son, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

[The printer's mark]



H--ff--y to Sir *C---* *H---* *W--s:*

O R,

The RURAL REFLECTION

OF A

WELSH POET.

II

STOP, stop, my Steed! hail *Cambria*, hail,
 With craggy Cliffs and darksome Vale,
 May no rude Steps defile them!
 Your Poet with a Vengeance sent
 From *London* post, is hither bent
 To find a safe Asylum.

II.

Bar, bar the Doors, exclude e'en Fear,
 Who press'd upon my Horse's Rear,
 And made the Fleet still fleetier;
 Here shall my hurried Soul repose,
 And undisturb'd by IRISH Prose,
 Renew my Lyric Metre.

III.

Thus *Flaccus* at *Philippi's* Field
 Behind him left his little Shield,
 And sculk'd in *Sabine* Cavern;
 Had I not wrote that cursed Ode,
 My Coward Heart I ne'er had shew'd
 The Jest of every Tavern.

IV.

Ye Guardians of *Mercurial* Men,
 I boast from you my sprightly Pen,
 I shine by your Direction:
 Why did you partial Gifts impart?
 You gave a Head, but gave no Heart,
 No Heart for Head's Protection.

V. Hence

V.

Hence 'tis my Wit out-runs my Strength,
 And scans each Inch of H--s--y's Length,
 His Length of Sword forgetting ;
 Hence angry Boys my Rhyme provoke,
 I ne'er (too serious proves the Joke)
 Can think on't without Sweating.

VI.

What the † Lieutenant once deny'd,
 My inauspicious Wit supply'd,
 And forc'd me into Action ;
 To me, as to this Scribe indite,
 HIBERNIA'S SONS — I cannot write,
 To give them Satisfaction.

VII.

Fool, cou'd I sing for others Sport,
 The taking of the Ducheſs' FORT,
 And which the Way to win her ;
 I, undiſturb'd, my Town enjoy'd,
 Then (NERO like) with Fire deſtroy'd,
 By ſpringing Mines within her.

VIII.

† Lord Lieut. I———,

VIII.

Oh ! had I sung sweet Roundelay,
Great *George's* Birth, or New-years Day,
As innocent as *Colly*,
Your other *Pope*, (oh hear, ye Nine!)
He'd gladly all his Odes resign,
And screen himself in Folly.

IX.

Ah ! since my Fear has forc'd me hither,
I feel no more that sweet blue Weather
The Muses most delight in ;
Dark and more dark each Cloud impends,
And ev'ry Message from my Friends
Conveys sad Hints of fighting.

X.

To harmless Themes I'll tune my Reed,
Listen, ye Lambkins, whilst you feed,
Ye Shepherds, Nymphs, and Fountains ;
Ye Bees, with soporiferous Hums,
Ye pendent Goats, if *H--ff--y* comes,
Convey me to your Mountains.

XIV

XI. There

XI.

There may I sing secure, nor Fear
 Shall pull the Songster by the Ear,
 T'advise me whilst I am writing :
 Or if my Satire will burst forth,
 I'll lampoon Parsons in my Wrath,
 Their Cloth forbids them fighting.

XII.

When e'er I think, can *W*—s brook
 To sculk beneath this lonely Nook,
 And tamely bear what few will ?
H-r—t like *Priam's* Son appears,
 Cries as he shakes his bloody Ears,
 Beware of *Irish* Duel. ||

XIII.

I flutter like *Macbeth* ! Arise
 Strange Scenes, and swim before my Eyes,
 Swords, Pistols, bloody — shocking !
 Whole Crowds of *Irish* cross my View,
 I feel th' involuntary Dew
 Run trickling down my Stocking.

XIV. Sure